A Place For Us

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A Place For Us

by EmeraldTrident

Summary

Le Chiffre has a surprise for his boyfriend.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“You know I love spoiling you,” Le Chiffre said, his face in Will’s neck kissing there as he stroked the thigh slung over his lap in the back of the limousine.

Will nodded, gripping at the back of Le Chiffre’s neck. “It’s too much, though.”

“It’s not. Nothing is.”

Will turned to look out the window, pressing the electric button causing the window to roll down all the way so he could see the exquisite white brick house in all it’s three-storied stone-accented glory instead of half hidden behind black tinted glass.

“That’s really ours?” Will said.

Le Chiffre nuzzled against him again, Will could feel the sharpness of his smile against the curve of his neck. “It is.”

Will turned to him pressing their lips together, their mouths moved together for a while as Le Chiffre rubbed and pet Will’s body over his clothes. They were dressed as casually as they’d been dressed in weeks, Le Chiffre in a plain light-grey sweatshirt and slacks while Will wore one of his old flannels and a pair of designer jeans that had been picked out for him.

“Hey,” Le Chiffre pulled back just slightly, whispering against his paramour’s lips.

“Hmm?”

Le Chiffre chuckled nervously, shaking his head. “Damn, I had this whole speech planned.”

“What is it?” Will pet the side of Le Chiffre’s face. “Just say it.”

“Will,” he stared down, before looking up and making eye contact with him again. “Would you do me the immense honor of...marrying me?” He stared into Will’s eyes, his one good eye fixated on him, his body paused in bated breath.

Will had never seen Le Chiffre look so nervous before, it was endearing. He smiled, cupping his man’s face in both hands, nodding slowly. “I’d love nothing more, baby. Nothing more.” Le Chiffre yanked Will closer by the small of his back crashing their lips together again.

They’d been together for close to a year, traveling the world for tournaments, going on insane vacations, laughing together, crying together, engaging in kinky shenanigans, and falling deeply in love in the process.

A huge part of their relationship was their sex life and a some of it wasn’t the very conventional. Will was gifted a plug with a large diamond on the end a couple months into their relationship. It was symbolic of Le Chiffre *owning* Will, a part of their kinky play. Le Chiffre even referred to it as Will’s engagement and or wedding ring but it was never legit, only words used for sexual gratification. It simply meant Will was his and nobody was ever allowed to touch him. People were allowed to look, watch, even touch themselves, but Will’s body belonged to him, always willingly of course.

This was different. This was a true engagement. A betrothing. Le Chiffre was saying he wanted to spend his life with him. He'd bought them a home. He wanted to be with him and only him forever. Le Chiffre could have anyone, and he chose Will.

"You're my diamond. My jewels. You're every penny I own. I would risk anything for you. I love you."

"Jean…I love *you*."

They kissed again while Le Chiffre reached into his pocket to produce something. When they pulled back he opened the tiny velvet box to show him the shiny platinum band. "Take it," he cooed.

Will took the ring from the box.

"There's an engraving on the inside." He watched Will intently as he inspected the scrawling text on the inside of the band. Carved inside was the word '*Monaco*' and the day, month, and year that he and Le Chiffre met at the poker tournament.

"Baby…" Will stroked the smooth surface with his finger, not able to take his eyes off the engraving. He felt himself begin to get emotional.

"Put it on," he smiled huge and toothy. Will slid it on and it fit seamlessly. Their lips met again.

"Let's go look at our new home, hmm?" He pet Will's curls blindly, their foreheads pressed together.

Will nodded.

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They held hands walking up through the garden to the front door. Upon unlocking the front door Le Chiffre picked Will up bridal style and carried him into the house.

"I knew you would do that," Will said with a laugh, his voice trailing off as he saw the interior to their new home Le Chiffre had paid cash for. "Oh my God."

"You like it?" Le Chiffre set Will down to hold him, back against his chest, his hands on his fiancé's waist.

The spiral staircase in the center of foyer led up to the second balcony, the hallway ahead seemed like it would take a couple minutes to walk across at a quick pace, the expansive kitchen to the left side was larger than the entire floor plan of Will's old house. Everything was accented with gold and stone and the walls were a light cream color, and while pretty, looked very bare.

"I'd like to photograph you," Le Chiffre cooed, pressing a chaste kiss against Will's neck as they both looked forward, swaying together. "Put your photos on these walls. Black and

white. Make everyone jealous. They'll either wish they looked like you, or that you were theirs."

"That's very Real Housewives," Will scoffed with a laugh.

"Pardon?"

"Nothing," he shook his head, melting further into Le Chiffre's touch. "Mmm, I'd like that. You'd be the one to take the photos?" He turned to look into Le Chiffre's good eye.

Le Chiffre nodded. "I was thinking one of them could be you lost in a bundle of white silk sheets, giving the camera that beautiful open-mouthed pout you give me. The one that drives me crazy." He spoke softly, his palm rubbing up underneath Will's shirt onto his bare skin. "A nice aerial shot of that. Everything covered, of course. Decent. But sultry. Maybe another of you half submerged in the pool out back. Hands in your own wet curls, head turned over your shoulder, giving the camera your best look that says 'I'm yours'".

Will laughed softly. "You've thought a lot about this," his finger tips caressed the wrist of Le Chiffre's hand under his shirt.

"More than you know."

Will clutched Le Chiffre's wrist and his hand moved further down into the front band of his pants. "Show me the bedroom."

"How about the master bathroom? There's a jacuzzi bathtub…"

"That works."

Le Chiffre chuckled. "C'mon, the elevator is right over here," he took Will's hand in his.

"Elevator?" Will whined, ending in a happy chuckle. "This house gets cooler by the second."

"Hmm," Le Chiffre laughed, pressing Will up against the wall next to the elevator door after pressing the button. "I very much look forward to fucking you on every surface of this place."

Will held the back of Le Chiffre's neck. "Should keep us busy…"

He accepted his man's kiss.

"I do hope you weren't planning on sleeping this evening."

Will shook his head. "Nope."

The elevator dinged and Le Chiffre's moved them inside, clicked the third floor button and joined his brand new fiancée in another kiss.

End Notes

My first Le Chiffre/Will fluff fic without any porn! Am I proud of myself? A bit!

Someone made the suggestion a while back that I should write about them settling down in one place since they're always moving about. They will still travel and go to tournaments but now they have a home instead of living out of suitcases and calling hotels their home!

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